

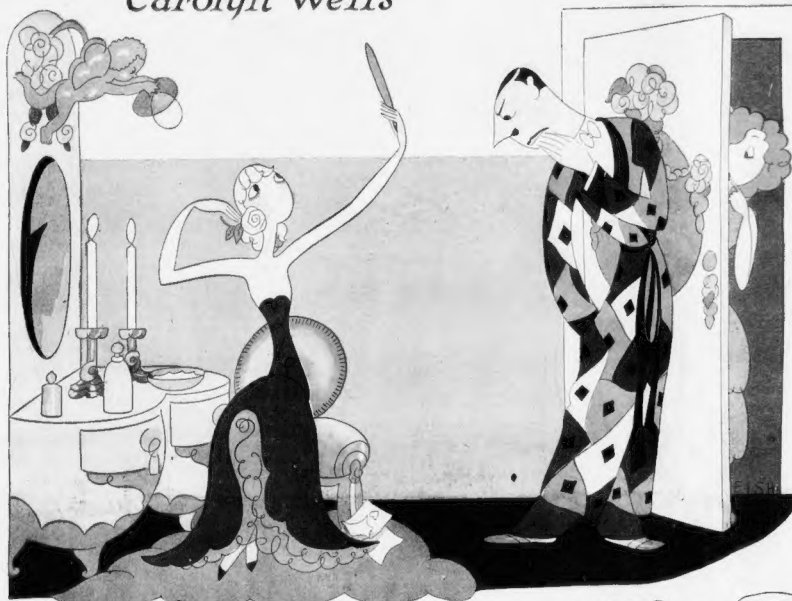
THE AMERICAN WEEKLY

Greatest Circulation in the World

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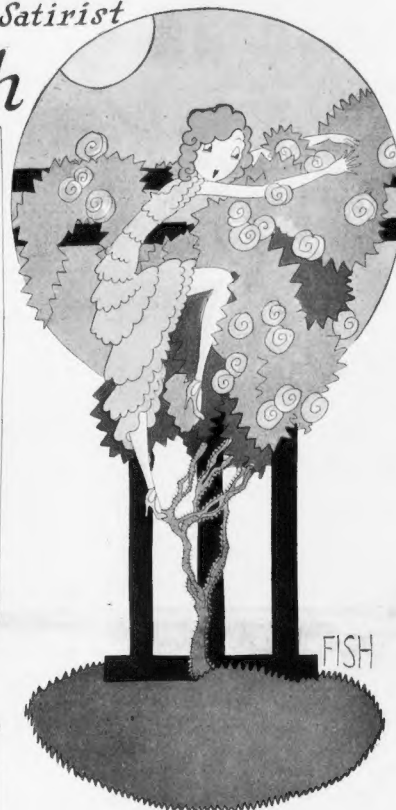
Sunday, August 2, 1931

Curious Kitty *By the Brilliant Satirist* Verses by Carolyn Wells *Fish*



1

A moonlight fete was being held by Mrs. Pondicherry. To whom our Kitty was just now a Social Secretary. The lady was a beauty and full of coquetry. And her husband was as jealous as a mortal man can be!



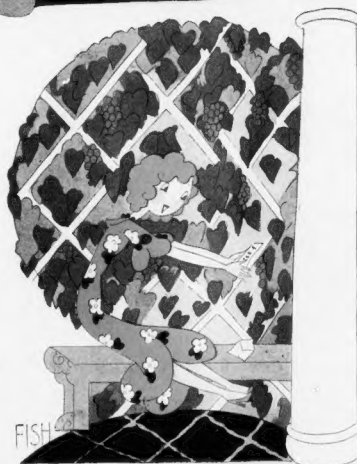
4

Gone were her good intentions, her resolutions fled: She slipped the note to Madame, and to the arbor sped. Climbed spryly up the lattice and clung there to await The coming of the lovers who had that Heavenly date.



2

A messenger came with a note—he gave it to an aide. Who gave it to a footman, who gave it to a maid: Who brought it straight to Kitty, who noticed at a glance It was for Madame, and unsealed! Could she resist the chance?



3

She stepped behind a pillar, screened by some hanging vines. And, safe from observation, she read these written lines: "I'll be at the Rose Pergola at quarter of eleven; Oh, meet me there my angel love, give me a taste of Heaven!"

5

Soon through the dusky shadows a stunning man she spied, And Madame Pondicherry came from the other side. Kitty leaned down to see them—the lattice work gave way! And that's why Curious Kitty is unemployed today!

(Continued Next Sunday.)

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Riding A Wild Moose

ANYONE who has gone into the so-called Big Woods of Maine and the adjacent Canadian wilds to hunt moose will tell you that stalking the beast of the forest is no pink tea diversion. It's a sport for men, capable of following a trail from sunrise to sunset, and able to shoot straight when the quarry comes within range of an express rifle.

Veteran guides and woodsmen call the moose the "King of the Forest," and they have a healthy respect for his speed, his power and his dangerous viciousness when wounded or at bay. They never fail to warn greenhorn hunters of the swift tragedy that befalls those who find themselves in the vicinity of an enraged moose, and who fail to shoot fast and straight. A big bull moose weighs as much as 1,400 pounds, stands more than 7 feet high at the shoulders, and has antlers that spread 5 feet. He can run almost as fast as a horse and hit with the momentum of a buffalo.

There is only one situation when it is comparatively safe to be close to a moose—and that is when the powerful beast is swimming. In the water a moose will tolerate a rider on his back—if the rider can get there—and make no determined attempt to fight until his hooves are on dry land.

The guides of the Northland recently have gone in for a sport which might well be called "moose busting"—the chasing of moose across the surface of lakes and ponds, and the riding of the big beasts while they are the helpless victims of circumstances in which they are unable to put up a battle.

The guides indulge in this sport for their own pleasure and for the entertainment of visitors to the Big Woods country. They do not recommend the pastime for novices. The photographs at the right show three of the four phases of the sport of moose-busting. The first phase is the chase. The top picture shows two guides pursuing a swimming moose in a canoe. It is no easy job overhauling the animal which can plow through the water at a speed of 15 miles an hour or better.

The rider waits until his partner has brought the canoe beside the swimming moose. He watches his chance and leaps on the animal's back, at the same time grasping its spreading antlers. This is the second phase of moose-busting and it's a dangerous one, because if the rider slips off the back of his wild mount he is liable to be injured or killed by a kick from one of the animal's long powerful legs. The third phase is riding, or "busting" the big beast.

A moose knows that it is more or less helpless to attack in the water, and uses all its energy to swim to shore, where it can escape or attack. That's why the fourth and last phase of the thrilling sport of the north woods is the most dangerous. The rider must do some close timing and slip off his mount before the creature gets his hooves on solid ground. Otherwise the "King of the Forest" is likely to turn on his angrier and slash him to death with his feet and antlers.

A few visitors to the moose-hunting grounds of Maine and Canada have, with the expert assistance of veteran woodsmen, participated in this unusual sport, but most of the moose-busters are natives of more than ordinary strength, agility and courage.



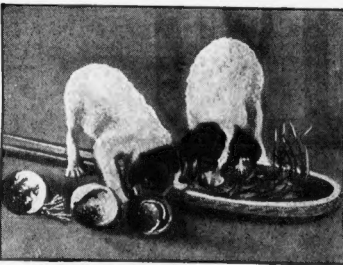
The Moose, Otherwise a Formidable Creature, Is Helpless in the Water, and Veterans of the Big Woods Find It Lots of Fun to Ride the Swimming Animals. This Is the Beginning of an Exciting Chase.



The Canoe Is Skillfully Brought Alongside the Animal While the Hunter Leaps from His Seat to the Quarry's Back, Seizes His Antlers, and After Some Trouble Manages to Get Astride the Moose.



The Weight of the Rider Forces the Animal's Back Below the Surface and, Full of Resentment, the Moose Swims Swiftly for the Shore, Where He Counts on Putting Himself on Equal Terms With the Human Being Who Is Outraging His Dignity.



The Beginning of a "Tennis Party." This Study in Mischievous Pups Won Fame and a Prize for the Photographer.

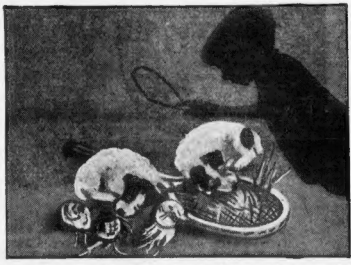
Sad Ending of a "Tennis Party"

GERMAN photographer, seeking for a subject which he could enter in a competitive exhibit of pictures, stumbled upon a subject that won him a prize and national notice while he was spending the week-end with friends on the outskirts of Berlin. He entered not one photograph, but two—the pictures which are shown at the left and on the right-hand side of the page. He called the pair of camera portraits "The Sad End of a Tennis Party."

The judges who awarded the prize for the pictures made much of the fact that, unlike most photographs of domesticated animals, the pups did not know they were being caught on a film, and were entirely natural in their mischief. The picture showing the dogs exhausted and sound asleep after their destruction of a tennis racket and three balls is the kind of picture that appeals to all lovers of pets.

To supply a bit of added interest to this picture the photographer got the owner of the dogs to stand close to the sleeping pets, so that her shadow, revealing a whip in her hand, would fall on the ground and suggest that the destroyers were dreaming of the price they would have to pay for their fun.

The pictures shown are two of a dozen taken while the pups were making a worthless wreck of a perfectly good tennis racket and three balls. At the request of the photographer the owner of the dogs let them nip and tear until they were too tired to do any more damage.



Possibly a Bit Troubled in Conscience, the Young Miscreants Fall Asleep on the Scene While the Vision of Punishment for Their Mischief Looms.

Ballet Dancers Learning to Be Graceful by Studying the Ostrich

MOST people who have seen an ostrich seem to have the impression that the largest of birds and the fastest creature that travels on two legs is awkward and ungainly. But in Los Angeles there's a dancing master who thinks otherwise. If you ask him what he thinks of the plumed biped—which doesn't hide its head in the sand, despite the persistence of the legend that it does—he'll tell you that the big bird can teach most human dancers a great deal about rhythm and grace.

The master of the Terpsichorean art recently conceived the idea of taking some of his pupils to an ostrich farm to observe and emulate the haughty struttings, the powerful leaping and the amazing speed of the birds. He insisted that this novel manner of learning something about ballet dancing was no press agent stunt, although he took a couple of camera-men along to record the event for the movies and in a series of so-called still pictures.

When the dancers had gathered at the ostrich farm they found that their visit was not entirely welcome from the viewpoint of the ostriches. The birds cast disdainful eyes on the good-looking young women and tried to walk out on the party. But their keepers put the little hoods over the heads of the birds, so that they could not see what was going on and get petulantly bored at the proceedings.

And it is well they did, for when an ostrich gets petulantly bored he uses his beak with the force of a riveting hammer, and a swift kick from one of his feet might result in a long visit to the hospital or to the undertaker. They seldom attack, however, when they can't see what's going on.

The hooded birds were marshaled in line and made to walk back and forth while the would-be ballet dancers studied their steps—which the dancing master insisted were "majestic." Then the dancers tried to imitate these steps. With their arms they emulated the easy undulations of the ostrich's long and serpentine necks.

Over and over again the dancers went through a series of ballet steps until their instructor was satisfied that his charges were actually absorbing something of the carriage of the birds.

The keepers then put the ostriches through some faster paces, making them walk fast, trot,

and finally run. Again the pretty disciples of the ballet attempted to imitate these movements. After more than an hour of observation and practice, the dancing master evolved a routine—a series of related movements—a new dance creation which he called "the ostrich trot."

Only Once in a While Is a Good Humored Ostrich Such as This One, Encountered. In Most Cases the Birds Must Be Hooded to Spare the Ballet Dancers Some Violent Kicks, for the Ostrich Can Kick With More Skill Than a Mule.



The Ostrich Ballet. The Dancing Masters Are Coaching the Girls in Majestic Grace and Showing to What Extent They Must Emulate the Big Birds, Which to the Laymen Seem Pretty Clumsy.

Why They Closed The Gay Night Clubs in Abyssinia

Or, at Least, the Emperor of the Original Land of Sheba Is Trying to Close Them Because His Officers and Nobles Win the Favor of the "Hostesses" by Giving Them Their Jewel-Studded Weapons, but the Outlawed Speakeasies Are Protected by the Soldiers and Police Who Have Been Bribed by the Night-Club Owners Just As in the United States



Crowds on Main Street of Addis Ababa, Where the Gay Night Clubs Are.

PARIS, July 24. ABYSSINIA may be the ancient land of the Queen of Sheba, and "shebas" are the feminine of "sheika" in modern slang, but the original Sheba's descendants can't stand for the night clubs where the "shebas" of today shine.

In an evil hour Haile Selassie I, the new Emperor of Abyssinia, was persuaded to open up his country to the "shebas" of modern civilization. And having done so, he is now striving to stop the civilizing process before his young men are ruined entirely.

Abyssinia or Ethiopia is an ancient and powerful African nation that has managed to exist and drive off the meddling white men since the days when its famous Queen made her Biblical visit to King Solomon; but she was barbaric and that would not do. Visitors were continually pointing out how backward they were, but Menelek, Ras Tafari and other old rulers paid no attention.

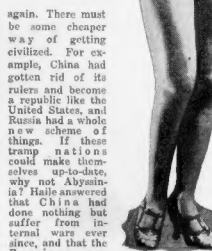
It was true that most of Abyssinia's 10,000,000 people liked to eat their meat raw, but since it agreed with them, what of it? Abyssinians go around armed to the teeth, which is very uncivilized, but it seems to make them able to thrash the armies the civilized white men send in to conquer them. There is no fire department in Addis Ababa, the capital, with its 65,000 inhabitants, but they don't need one because people are careful. Everybody knows that if a fire starts the persons to blame will have their heads cut off.

There is no street cleaning or garbage disposal department, but these tasks are attended to free by wild dogs and buzzards that come in after dark and are as hungry that they will eat even an old boot. In their efficiency, they will also eat a man if he lies intoxicated in the gutter at night, but that fact prevents anyone from lying intoxicated in the gutter. The howling and fighting of the dogs at night makes a lot of noise, but nothing like the racket produced by automobile motors, rattling of milk-bottles and banging of ash cans in civilized cities.

His Imperial Majesty Haile pointed all this out to his predecessors had done and at first stood firm against "reform, modernism and uplift." But Abyssinia is now a member of the League of Nations and the pressure became heavy to be like other countries. His subjects had seen moving pictures of the nice, paved streets of London, Paris and New York—why couldn't Addis Ababa have these things? And fire engines and even a subway to say nothing of street lights and street cleaners?

Their ruler told them that they could, but he also estimated how much it would cost them in taxes. The subjects shook their heads at the decision and they would rather have their money to spend on themselves than give it all to the government as in civilized lands. However, they came back at him

Lia Niako in One of the Abbreviated Paris Dancing Costumes Which Are So Different From the Traditional Abyssinian Dress.



again. There must be some cheaper way of getting civilized. For example, China had gotten rid of its rulers and become a republic like the United States, and Russia had a whole new scheme of things. If these tramp nations could make themselves up-to-date, why not Abyssinia? Haile answered that China had done nothing but suffer from internal wars ever since, and that the Russians were wearing clothes ten years old and living on black bread and hope.

Nevertheless, Mustafa Kemal had modernized Turkey and gotten away with it. His Majesty claimed that that was all this amounted to was forcing women to go unveiled and the men to get out of their bloomers and into long pants and a derby hat. If any of his subjects yearned for pants and pot hats he would not interfere—in fact he wanted to be a liberal monarch and would not object to any civilizing influence that would not saddle the country with a lot of taxes.

If they wanted serums, black-bottom dancers, gramophones and jazz bands it would be all right. They could have anything within reason provided they imported it and paid for it themselves.

To prove that his heart was in the right place, his Imperial Majesty spent a liberal slice of the Royal income to start the ball rolling. He sent

Lia Niako, the Persian Dancer, Who Was Imported From Paris as the Emperor's Chief Ballerina.

an embassy to Paris to get together a bunch of beautiful dancers who would entertain his young men and give them an idea of what was what in up-to-date civilization. An extremely attractive and accomplished dancer, Lia Niako, a Persian girl who had been appearing in Paris, was selected as the ballerina or head of the troupe. The delegation heard from his subjects that they simply must have night life, night clubs, jazz, the wailing saxophone and other things that he had been told were essential parts of every modern city.

The Emperor made no objection except to wonder how they would organize all this night life in his capital where nobody but dogs and buzzards went out at night, and who would pay for it. It was not many months before he began to find out. Those benevolent extra ladies and gentlemen who had attached themselves to the thoroughly nice delegation of which Miss Lia Niako was the premiere danseuse, were soon joined by others of assorted talents all ready to finance and manage the modernization of Ethiopia.

Haile was not alarmed when restaurants and cafes began to sell meat

not raw but cooked by third-rate French chefs. That was all right, he thought, because these places supported themselves. Presently there was singing and dancing there, too. Both these things had existed since the days of Sheba and before, when Ethiopia traded and fought with mighty Egypt under the Pharaohs, but now it was different.

Heretofore the women had danced alone and the men had looked on and applauded, as much out of it as spectators at a prize fight. Now, to the tune of saxophones the men themselves were learning to dance with a lot of foreign women. Bold in dress and manner and astonishingly unveiled were these foreign ladies. They must be ladies because they were from the capitals of highly civilized Europe, although it was true that there were some Arab girls. The native women called them hussies in their own tongue, but the foreign women said their proper title was hostess.

Abyssinia was beginning to have night life. With women and song always goes wine, in night life. For three thousand years or more the Ethiopian had been drinking a home brew known as "tej." It may not have done him any good but it seems never to have done him any harm either, and he was as used to it as a German to his beer.

But the smart foreign hostesses quickly taught the native men that this cheap mild drink was barbarous and uncouth. They must have brandies, liqueurs and above all, French champagne. These expensive beverages promptly were imported and the effect was plainly visible in the large



The Emperor's Cousin Won the Foreign Hostess by Handing Her His Jeweled Sword, His Ruby-Studded Dagger and His Pearl-Inlaid Gun. She Hugged Them to Her Heart. The Defeated Rival Then Had a Bright Idea. There Before Him Was His Hated Enemy, Unarmed in Public Probably for the First Time in His Life. Whirling His Own Sword Aloft He Brought It Down With a Fatal Swing Across the Neck of the Emperor's Cousin.



In the Innocent Days Before the Night Clubs Came to Addis Ababa, Abyssinia: a Modest Dancer in Long Skirts, With Her Musicians, Performing Before an Abyssinian Nobleman and His Guests. An Abyssinian Painting. Photo by Ewing Galloway.

number of young Abyssinian gentlemen who fell into the gutters and almost went to the dogs and vultures. Things got so bad that the Emperor, who is also the owner and editor of the capital's principal newspaper, wrote a series of vehement editorials on the subject. An editorial writer and signed by an Emperor with power of life and death over his readers ought to carry some weight, and it did, but not as much as the hostesses, who got a commission on every drink they could induce their Abyssinian boy friends to buy.

Disgusted at the indifference of his readers, Haile Selassie laid down his editorial pen and tackled them as subjects. He marched from his newspaper office to his palace, put on his royal robes, ascended the throne and issued an imperial edict banning all alcoholic drinks but the national "tej." All legal and open dealers in liquors promptly closed but in a few weeks there were as many gutter-rollers on their way to the dogs as ever. His Majesty was confronted by two things new in Abyssinia—Prohibition and the bootlegger, and they are still with him.

Soldiers would raid the clubs, but in Ethiopia every man is armed, and there would be a clash of swords at the doorway as a few of the guests defended the place, like Horatius at the bridge, until the management informed them that the last bottle of champagne had been removed and innocent "tej" put in its place. These battles at the door soon got to be nothing but stage fights with a perfunctory clashing of steel and nobody hurt.

Following the practice of highest

civilization, the clubs hastened to corrupt the raiders who gave "protection," tipped off their raids in advance and yielded back to the barracks with a report that they had not found a drop on the premises.

What was to be done? The army was corrupt, the young men were going to the dogs literally and the women right on their heels, all because the Emperor had allowed just a ray or two of the light of civilization to penetrate his dark African empire.

His Majesty wrung his imperial hands but the worst was yet to come. Abyssinians haven't much ready money, but taxes are negligible, which makes the cost of living very low and so they don't need much. The favors of these hostesses, however, came high and the drinks they insisted upon were expensive, with the result that soon most of the capital's currency had passed into their fair but grasping hands.

Still the nobles and warriors had considerable available wealth in another form, jewel-encrusted swords and daggers of great value that were family heirlooms, and these the hostesses were quite willing to accept.

Later the men would borrow money to redeem them. Instead of doing so the hostesses with eyes aflame would usually persuade them to spend the money and let the weapon remain in pawn. Presently Haile was horrified to see many of soldiers going around unarmed.

The other day this scandal came to a tragic climax. One of the Emperor's cousins, having spent all his money and pawned his rings, fell in love with a brand new hostess just arrived from Paris. Her favors were very, very expensive, and many were bidding for them. One of the bidders was a man with whom the cousin had a deadly feud of many years' standing.

At last the Emperor's relative won the French lady by handing her his jeweled sword, his ruby-studded dagger and his pearl-inlaid gun. These were treasures indeed, and the hostess hugged them to her heart with a happy laugh.

The defeated rival glowered a moment in jealous fury. Then he had a bright idea. There before him sat his hated enemy, unarmed in public, probably for the first time in his life. The man had lost the girl but here was the chance of a lifetime to settle that feud in the heat of the moment. Whirling his own sword aloft he advanced and brought it down with a fatal swing across the neck of the Emperor's cousin, who pitched dying at the feet of the hostess. Royal blood has at last been spilled and now something will have to be done to stop the civilizing of Abyssinia, if it costs a revolution.

Dress Reform For Men Again Rousing England

IN this country and on the European continent a few courageous men annually go in for a little pioneering in the interest of saner, more comfortable fashions for males. They try to win disciples to the sensible campaign by strolling along the boulevards and through the busy market places dressed in pajamas, or shorts and open-neck shirts. Few other males have the intrepidity to join the rebellion against the standard coat-and-pants-suit, the stiff-boom shirt and the neck constricting collar.

In England, however, where men are supposed to be willing slaves to formality and tradition, there is an organization called the Dress Reform Party, which was started two years ago and which is again arousing nation-wide interest in the obvious "inhumanity to man" found in modish male attire.

A few weeks ago more than a hundred members of this organization staged a dress reform get-together in the ample and luxurious quarters of the Suffolk Galleries in London. The affair was given wide publicity in the newspapers and several well-known actors and clothing manufacturers attended the function as special guests. None of the many stories written about the gathering painted the members as cranks or ridiculed them for the clothes they wore, which certainly were radically different from the masculine modes that have been in vogue for many years.

It is very probable that the activities of the Dress Reform Party will, within the next few years, bring about some definite and sensible changes in the kind of clothes that the average man wears. The membership of the organization is growing steadily and includes more than a few celebrated men whose opinions carry a great deal of weight among the English people. Prominent among the reformers is Dean Inge, the gloomy and brainy ecclesiast of St. Paul's Cathedral.

One member of the organization, a well-known London physician, explains that the dress reformers are not interested primarily in dictating styles, but in health and comfort. "It has been apparent for several years," he said, "that men have been tyrannized by the conventions in dress, particularly in the good-looking but

The Members of England's Dress Reform Party Consider This Costume Just the Right Thing for Summer Evening Dress, and Many of Them Are Wearing These Shorts and Sweaters to the Best Functions.



Borrowing Motif From the Far East, the Advocates of Comfort Find This Outfit Both Dignified and Slightly. They Even Go So Far as to Include a Nash.

men's fashions seems to be the fear of the average man looking effeminate. This is a silly notion. British 'Tommy's' have worn shorts for generations and no one regards them as effeminate. Athletes wear shorts and sleeveless shirts publicly, and people do not look upon this outfit as inelegant or unmasculine. There

is no good reason why abbreviated costumes which are comfortable, hygienic and attractive, should not be worn by men anytime and anywhere."

extremely uncomfortable tuxedo and full-dress suit. Women long ago refused to be hounded by any such silly notions and they adjust their clothing to the weather. There is no reason why men should not do the same thing.

"The chief objection to a change in



Just the Thing to Replace the Warm, Uncomfortable Tuxedo With Its Hard-Boiled and Unventilated Shirt. The Reformer in the Photograph Is Not Only at Ease Socially, but Is Absolutely Comfortable.

Dog That Survived Niagara Leap

PLUNGING over the rushing, roaring 168-foot arc of Niagara Falls may be a dangerous and frequently fatal adventure for men in specially made barrels and bails, but for a police dog nicknamed "Red Hill," it is just another experience in a dog's life.

One day, not long ago, tourists gazing at the great cataract saw a dog cooling himself in the water in a cove near the brink of the American side of the Falls. After several leaps into the water and a safe return to shore, the dog was sucked into the powerful current, and, in another instant was swept to the brink of the Falls and over to the boiling maelstrom below.

The onlookers said: "What a shame! But the poor thing probably didn't suffer much after he went over."

Their sympathy was wasted, however, for "Red," as his rescuer named him, after "Red" Hill, a Niagara riverman who fished many a body out of the rapids below the falls in his day, swam around in the mid waters and crawled out on a rock, apparently without a scratch.

A man who happened to be walking along the shore beneath the Falls, waded out to the rock and carried the dog ashore. The animal shook himself vigorously, as dogs will, and wagged a friendly tail at his rescuer. He did not seem frightened after an experience that has ended tragically for many intrepid humans.

"Red's" savior decided to adopt the only dog to take a safe, if unintended, ride over Niagara's towering rim. But when the story of the dog's feat and his picture came out in the newspapers a resident of Niagara Falls named Andrew Terogz came to claim the now famous canine, explaining that the dog had slipped out of his collar and disappeared from the backyard of the Terogz home on the day of his amazing trip over the Falls.



"Red Hill," the Only Dog to Live After Leaping Into the Niagara Rapids. He Was Fished From the Water Below the Cataract.

Bull-fighting Queen Becomes Nun - Bequeaths Crown To Pretty Rival

SENORITA MYA HOLLAREZ, young, beautiful, wealthy and famed throughout South America as the "Queen of Bull-Fighters," held a place in the hearts of Peruvians that few athletes have enjoyed. She was Babe Ruth and Bobby Jones rolled into one. Wherever she went adoring crowds followed her. She was welcomed in the haciendas of the nation's richest and most powerful citizens. Peru was her oyster.

A few weeks ago the beautiful heroine of a thousand battles in the Plaza de Toros walked out of the big bull-ring in Lima and announced that she was through forever with the cruel sport—even though it had been her peculiar custom never to kill a bull, but merely to prove herself its superior and then stun the creature with a blunted sword. She would spend the rest of her days in the service of the Church, doing penance in the hushed cloisters of the Convent of San Domingo, on the outskirts of the city where she had lived so spectacularly.

A few hours before the senorita took her novitiate vows she made one last and rather incongruous gesture of worldliness—she bestowed the title, "Queen of the Bull-Fighters," on Mrs. Maria Olgin, one of the most beautiful women in Mexico and a skilled matador, who has dispatched hundreds of ferocious bulls in the arenas of Central America.

Senorita Olgin made her first appearance in the bull-ring about three years

ago, and by her coolness and her ability with the sword was acclaimed as the peer of all but a few of the country's male matadors. In the past three years she has made a fortune at a brutal game in which few women have chosen to participate. Her fame spread all over South America, and even to Spain. She was ranked second only to Senorita Hollarez. She was, so to speak, the crown princess of bull-fighters.

On three occasions the pretty matador has been injured by particularly active bulls. Once, when she was tossed high in the air on the horns of a bull in Mexico City, it was feared that she never would return to the arena. But she did, a better matador and a more popular one than ever.

Judged by her beauty, her courage and her skill, the Mexican woman probably deserves to wear the crown relinquished by Senorita Hollarez. But it is difficult for many South Americans to understand why, if she has come to regard bull-fighting as an inhuman and unchristian sport, the Peruvian woman bequeathed her title to a woman who seems to enjoy driving the blade of a sword into the hearts of dumb creatures that, under the rules of the game, never get an even break with their tortures.

The Peruvians miss the glamorous figure of the retired bull-fighting queen in the arenas of that country and are said to be considering inviting Senorita Olgin to come to Peru for a year or more of bull dispatching.

Murder Mystery Solved by X-Ray

JUST when the cleverest detectives of Copenhagen, Denmark, police force were about to admit that they were completely baffled about the legless body of a woman found in the most of the ancient Portus Longjumeau, and that some cold-blooded murderer had committed a crime without clues, a woman newspaper reporter suggested that X-ray photographs of the mutilated body be taken. Within a week the murderer was behind the bars, after having given the police a written confession of his guilt.

How the murder mystery was solved by X-rays is one of the most interesting chapters in modern crime annals. The woman who suggested that the police get photographs of the structure of the legless body had the hunch that some distinguishing formation or tissue might be revealed. Her hunch was right—the developed plates showed that the murder victim had one badly infected tubercular lung.

It was assumed that, at some time, she must have been a hospital patient and a search of X-ray

photographs in all Copenhagen hospitals was instituted. A week later such a picture was found definitely identifying the slain woman.

From the hospital records the police got the woman's name and address, and found that she had been dispossessed from an apartment some two months before. Fingerprints on the furniture and door knobs proved beyond a doubt that the former occupant of the apartment was the woman whose dismembered body had baffled the city's ablest detectives.

Further work on the part of the police revealed that the woman had been the sweetheart of a man with whom she had quarreled. This man was located and arrested. For several days he denied all knowledge of the crime, but finally broke down and confessed that he had killed the woman in a fit of temper.

It is probable that Copenhagen police will, in the future, make frequent use of the X-ray to assist in the identification of murder victims mutilated beyond recognition.



Senorita Mya Hollarez, of Lima, Peru, Who Quit a

Highly Successful Career in the Bull-Ring to Enter a Convent.



Mrs. Maria Olgin, the 17-Year-Old Mexican Beauty Who Was Bequeathed the Title, "Queen of Bull-Fighters," by Senorita Mya Hollarez, of Peru.

Can You Look at These Three Photographs for Five Seconds Without Wanting to Yawn?

At Left, the Mandril Is Gaping Wide Open; Above, the Baby Yawns Sleepily, and at the Right the Lion Is Displaying a Perfect "Jaw Breaker" of a Yawn.

Science Makes Some Interesting Researches Into the Widespread Habit of Gaping and Other Phenomena of Stretching Arms, Legs, Backs, and Finds the Impulse Wide-

Every animal, bird and most reptiles yawn. The insects probably never yawn, not because they are too busy, like the busy bee, but because Nature removes fatigue toxins in some other manner.

The yawn is probably one of the oldest of Nature's simple therapeutics, and we yawned all the way up the evolutionary family tree.

At Left, the Mandril Is Gaping Wide Open; Above, the Baby Yawns Sleepily, and at the Right the Lion Is Displaying a Perfect "Jaw Breaker" of a Yawn.

EVEYBODY knows that yawns are contagious. One person yawning in a street car or in a room with others can set almost all of them to gaping, even if he covers his own yawn behind his hand. One person yawning in a subway car can start an epidemic of yawns running up and down each side. And it is a most annoying matter to a minister to have one of his choir give way to the yawning impulse, for instantly he will look down on any number of faces which, although they are not yet politely covered by their palms or by handkerchiefs, he knows are wide open in the unrenowned symbol of boredom.

There is no other gesture or muscular action that stirs up such an irresistible impulse of imitation among the beholders. If one of a party or an assemblage shifts his or her legs, or extends his arm over his or her head, or, if any of the others follow suit. Yet the shifting of arms and legs and stretching are closely allied to the yawn.

Why, then, do we feel that overpowering impulse to yawn when we see another doing it? And why does even the photograph of a yawn give us this desire—as anyone can prove for himself by looking intently for a few seconds at the photographs of the gawling monkey and lion at the top of this page?

The science has newly discovered some interesting and surprising things about yawning, and among these the probable explanation of why yawning is "contagious." They were brought out recently by researches carried on in England by Sir Thomas Lewis, famous expert on heart disease. Dr. Lewis was not especially concerned about yawns. What interested him was pain, and specifically that agonizing kind of pain which occasionally affects a diseased heart and which physicians call angina pectoris. The clues about yawns and

It now appears that the yawn has been misunderstood somewhat. While it is true that a tiresome sermon or dreary after-dinner speech will cause an irresistible desire among the listeners to open their jaws at the tormentor, it also can happen from the very opposite cause. In the theatre there is frequently an outbreak of yawns following a tense, dramatic scene that has gripped everyone's attention so much that nobody has moved a muscle. In fact, it is the muscle, not the mind, that is the villain behind the yawn.

Animals do not yawn when they are bored. It is hard to bore an animal anyway, because as soon as his surroundings no longer interest him he calmly put his head down and catches up on his sleep. If he yawns it will more likely be when he wakes up. A long, dull sermon or a speech alone will not produce gapes unless the hearers feel obliged to pay attention, or at least pretend interest.

When anyone says that a bore gives him a pain in the neck, that is scientifically inaccurate, nor would be if Nature did not intervene and save the bored person from the actual pain by forcing him to gape. This involuntary jaw movement is a matter of chemistry and the church yawn comes about in this way.

It is the duty of the choir and congregation to keep their eyes on the minister's face, which is practically a fixed object through the sermon. This keeps the muscles of every neck motionless but tense, because they must pull against each other to keep the listeners' faces aimed at the minister's countenance.

If the preacher is very interesting, the emotional reactions cause the congregation's hearts to pump vigorously enough to circulate the blood over the high spot of the body, the head, and thoroughly flush the neck muscles, and nothing happens. But if the discourse is tiresome, the nervous system relaxes as does an animal's preparatory to going to sleep. While the listener dares not go to sleep, his heart slows down, and circulation in the neck becomes sluggish. The result is that certain poisons, known as fatigue toxins, generated in the strained muscles, collect and in time would cause cramplike pains.

Nature, however, will not let this happen if she can help it, and before the poisoning reaches the consciousness in the form of pain, she begins to urge the bored person to cure the situation by a nice, big, rude yawn, which the victim, perhaps feeling that he is being tempted by Satan, resists. The mechanics of a yawn are nothing but the forcing of the blood out of the veins of the neck into the general circulation, where the organs of elimination

It must be remembered that only when the body is completely at rest does the heart perform all the duty of keeping the blood stream flowing. Every time a muscle contracts it squeezes the veins in the vicinity. The veins are furnished with little one-way valves, like the scuppers on ships, and every vein-squeezing hustles the blood in it along. The yawn does this

The congregation shifts arms and legs and squirms about in its pew from time to time, but as these movements are considered innocent, they happen unconsciously, there is no suppressed desire, and therefore they are not contagious. Only the poor neck muscles, which need it most, cannot be relieved except by that ill-mannered yawn. Because everyone knows he

The Brief Stretching of the Facial Muscles in a Normal Yawn Relieves Them of the "Pain Poison," but It Has Been Found That the Continued Stretching of Them, as in the Case of the Patient in the Dental Chair, Results in an Accumulation of the Same Substance, Producing the Familiar "Stiffness" of the Face Following a Session With the Dentist.

ought not to yawn in the face of the minister or senator who is holding forth at him, he resists the inclination as long as he can. When finally the first backslider yields, the example is too much to resist. Nature asserts itself and touches off yawns all over the house.

their sermons from 'the pulpit, would follow the example of revivalists, politicians and other spell-binders, and get out onto a wide platform, wave their arms and, above all, walk around, become moving objects. The moving about causes the aim of the listeners' faces to change, including movements of the neck muscles, which make these annoying yawns unnecessary.

dom, but usually from the opposite, intense attention. When an animal keeps his neck muscles rigidly motionless for a long time it is likely to be because his eyes are fixed with rifle-aim intenceness on something very interesting. A cat after staring hopefully five minutes at a bird and seeing it fly away

will often yawn but, like the yawning audience after the big third act climax, she was far from bored. At such a time if there were several cats watching, the first one to yawn may start the others; but ordinarily yawns are not contagious among the lower animals.

In sleep people do not yawn because their neck muscles are relaxed and the body is in a horizontal position, permitting the heart to pump to one part as easily as another.

When a human being wakes in the morning he usually yawns several times and stretches his limbs. So do the animals, only more so. The dog aroused peacefully from a night's sleep not only tries to split his head in two but when he gets up, bends his spine upward into a bow, then springs it downward the other way, shakes himself till his ears rattle, pushes out his head, stretches his legs and goes on.

A dog can make his master yawn by example, but it is almost impossible for the master to get the suggestion over to his pet. When he seems to succeed it is probably because the animal was ready to yawn anyway. The yawn is the most infectious movement known, but there are others. If dogs and cats were taught, as human beings

revented. Not
Confined to
Human Beings
Alone.



Yawning Is Not Always,
Nor Most Frequently,
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ence Now Believes, but
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are, to think that gaping in public is reprehensible they would probably, like their masters, suffer from memories of suppressed yawning desires in the past and they, too, would find the yawn contagious.

Many who have suffered from the epidemics of coughing that sometimes

The second most contagious action is rocking. The rocking-chair and the yawn are fairly close together. Panic is almost as contagious as yawning and rocking. This is because the fear impulse is quite as old, if not older, than the therapeutic yawning impulse.

For some reason people who would hesitate to yawn in church or theatre

do not mind making a nuisance of themselves by coughing. A yawn hurts nobody, but the cougher, besides the danger of spreading colds to others nearby, interrupts the service, lecture or play. The reason that coughs come in spasms is somewhat like the cause of the same phenomenon in yawning. People in the audience may not realize that they are repressing a tickling

The rocker is the healthiest of all chairs, though temporarily not the most fashionable. Gentle rocking does for the whole body what yawning does for the muscles of the neck. Elderly people and those with weak hearts are their circulatory systems by rocking.

Man has no monopoly on yawning.

Every animal, bird and most reptiles yawn. The insects probably never yawn, not because they are too busy, like the busy bee, but because Nature removes fatigue toxins in some other manner.

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The poison which would give us a pain in the neck but for the yawning can be produced experimentally in many parts of the body. Dr. Lewis proved

The theory that the pain in angina pectoris are due to the accumulation of some kind of poisonous substance in the muscles. To test this theory a number of his associates and assistants submitted to having their arms tightly bandaged so that the flow through the arteries and veins was stopped as much as a physician bandages a patient's arm temporarily when he wishes to measure the blood pressure. The fingers of the bandaged arm then were clasped around a "grip tester," one of the spring devices which measure how strong is the grip of a person's hand. The results showed that the grip was exercised by squeezing the grip tester at intervals of one second

After less than a minute, Dr. Lewis reported recently in a lecture in London, the exercising of a bloodless arm in this way caused the most intense pain in the muscles that were being worked. No one could continue the exercise more than about 70 seconds. The pain became unbearable and the experiment had to stop. The pain ceased immediately, however, as soon as the bandage was loosened so that blood could flow once more through

There may be natural circumstances, Dr. Lewis believes, when the blood supply may be cut off partly from some set of muscles, like the muscles of the heart, for the blood that the heart pumps does not nourish that organ as it passes through. Instead, that part has its own blood arteries and veins and its own blood supply like any other organ of the body. If something goes wrong with these heart arteries so that less blood is carried, one result is that the heart muscles get bathed in the painful chemical which is not being removed fast enough by the blood. This is what causes the

heart pain of angina pectoris. The patient may feel other kinds of chest pain, such as cramps and pulling or cramping, or a feeling of pressure (of similar circumstances). One of the most painful things that anyone can do, for example, is to stretch open as far as possible, and dentists sometimes make their patients do this. In a few cases, the muscles in the cheeks and face are likely to become extremely painful. The position of the jaws and face is such that the blood supply is widely so much that the blood supplied from some of the face arteries is forced back to the heart. The circulation to the point where the pain is, chemical can accumulate in the muscles. In any event, everyone knows that the patient is in pain, and twice after the dentist has finished, quickly restores the sluggish blood circulation.

In the same way the minister might abolish the pain he feels, when the congregation yawns during a perfect good sermon, by getting out of the pulpit and moving about.

Medicine Came from Magic.—Surgery from Mummies

Fumigation Was Originally "Holy Smoke" to Drive Out Devils; the Quarantine Placard Was the Witch Doctor's Taboo Sign, the "Magic" in Castor Oil Always Worked While That in Bat's Blood and Lion's Fat Was Unreliable and Egyptian Dentists Didn't Do Very Well Scolding Patients' Aching Teeth

THE modern physician, the solemn surgeon, the white-jacketed dentist, and even the board of health, with its fumigations and quarantine placards, all got their start from the fearful and wonderful religious magic of the ancient priests, mostly of Egypt.

In the days of the Pharaohs, when a person was sick, the magician was called in to chant magic incantations which did no harm and, if he was only a mental case, would probably cure him, as faith healers do today. If that did not work, he gave the sufferer a crazy concoction of nearly everything that was handy.

Most of the items that have come down to modern times, such as bat's blood, pounded bugs and a skinned mouse, were harmless or at least only mildly injurious to the patient. But castor oil was in common use for its emollient, in the lamps of old Egypt, and naturally found its way into the magic messes given sick people.

Very slowly, through the ages, the magician and finally even the patient learned that while the magic in the incantations and the juices of bugs and bats did not always work, the "magic" in castor oil was always reliable. A certain dose would produce a certain result, though a lot of hocus-brooding chanting was still thrown in for good measure. Even as late as Cleopatra's day, the queen, no doubt, would not have taken a dose of castor oil without having a priest go through a lot of sacred mutterings to make the medicine work.

The virtues of fumigation were discovered from trying to smoke out the "devils" of sickness, and the elements of anatomy and surgery were learned from the wholly religious process of embalming mummies. These were the fantastic and weird beginnings of modern science, and how superstitions about health and death have persisted right up to the present day, even to giving skinned mice to sick children in the British Isles, is related in "Magician and Leech," a book just written by Dr. Warren F. Dawson, F. R. S. E., Fellow of the Royal Society of Medicine of England.

Dr. Dawson begins by explaining that primitive people never realized that death was inevitable some time for everyone. When one man smashed another's skull with a club, they understood the entire process, cause and effect, just as when someone drowned, they broke his neck. Poisons they did not comprehend quite as well. They knew that certain berries and fruits, also meat and fish that were tainted, would cause sickness and even death, but they supposed this was because there was a "spell" on it.

All ailments that did not come from violence must be from evil spirits or the bad magic of some hostile witch doctor. If all illnesses had a supernatural origin, the only logical cure would be in magic—and some of the magic worked nicely and, any way, most people get well no matter what the doctor does to them.

The ancient world's close observers but loose reasoners. Among all races it was soon noticed that when one family died of a "magic" disease such as smallpox the "evil spirit" was likely to attack others. To drive the evil spirit out of the neighborhood, they filled the place with the most noxious smoke they could make and sometimes burned down the hut.

This was practically fumigation and sterilization by fire, perfectly good scientific methods.

When the hut was not burned the witch doctor would often place a fetish and taboo sign over the door, which would warn everybody to keep away. In its way, this was the ancient counterpart of the modern board of health quarantine placard, and, no doubt, quite as effective.

Many imagine that tooth trouble is a modern affliction, but the cave man had pyorrhea, and Egypt was plagued with bad teeth. Their food seems to have been so full of grit that it wore their teeth down. In mummies of older people the process had exceeded many of the nerve-pulp, causing the well-known symptoms of ulcerated teeth. Have an ancient proverb, however, that the land of the Nile was full of dentists, who must have been given



King Nektah and His Wife, Tawi, Pouring Incense on Offerings to the Gods to Insure Their Well-Being in the Next World.—From a Painting on the Wall of Nektah's Tomb at Thebes, Built About 1325 B. C.



Infante Paralysis Occurred in Egypt as Long Ago as 1200 B.C. This Tablet, the Sides of Rome's a Syrian Settler in Egypt With Deformed Legs.



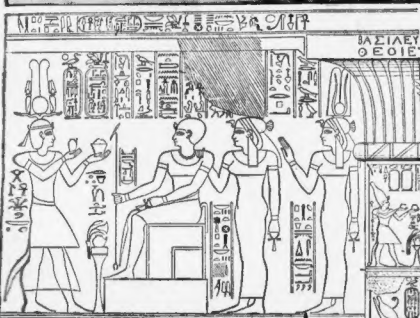
Imhotep, Vizier and Physician of King Zoser, Remains the Egyptian Healer of Medicine. He Holds in His Left Hand a Scepter and in His Right the "Ankh," or Symbol of Life.

Dr. Dawson says: "What wilt thou give me for my foot, what wilt thou give me to destroy it? I will give thee dried figs and apricots." Forsoth, what are these dried figs to me, or apricots? Set me amid the teeth, and let me dwell in the gums, that I may destroy the blood of the teeth, and of the gums chew their marrow. So shall I hold the latch of the door." "Since thou hast said, O Worm, may I smite thee with his mighty fist?"

They had eye and ear, nose and throat and many other kinds of specialists in the days of the Pharaohs. At the end of most of the prescriptions found in the old papyrus there is usually the stout assertion, "This never fails," or "Millions have been cured by this." Almost word for word this board has come down the ages and, until a gonorrhea cure was printed on most patent medicine labels. There was, however, tact admission that sometimes there alleged infallible cures missed fire, as even the best magic sometimes fail, because the papyrus usually gives at least one alternative.

For instance, after a boy cut contused prescription for sore eyes, which after compounding had to be set in the starlight all night, there were the following three simpler ones:

1. "Thou shalt dismember a yellow frog, mix its gall in oil, apply to the eyes."
2. "Blood from a pig's heart thou shalt pour into his eyes."



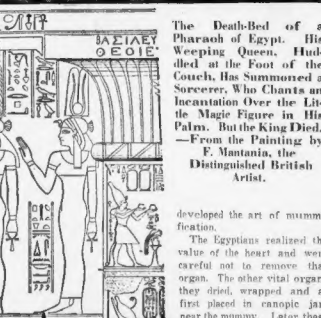
King Ptolemy's Wreathing Imhotep, the Egyptian God of Medicine. Behind the Seated Figure Are His Mother, Khedunokh, and His Wife, Hesperodot.—From Imhotep's Temple at Philae.

3. "Thou shalt mix yellow scorpions of arsenic in oil and apply." Some prescriptions were supposed to cure so quickly that they were not safe to use on a patient till the doctor had *been* safe in the hands of the wonder-workers.

"Ear that suffers acutely. Opium, calf's fat, milk. Melt these down together, warm them, and apply to the ear. The pain will stop immediately. But do not administer this remedy to a man until you have reviewed your foe." Egyptian prescriptions show their Egyptian origin, but begin by describing the ailment instead of naming it, and while the Egyptians usually say just how much of each ingredient is to be mixed and pounded in a mortar, which was the handy mortar of the time, the Assyrians leave that detail mostly to the imagination. When it is a question of how much fat of a lion is to be put in, perhaps it would not matter, but with arsenic and morphine it would seem rather important. If it was really desirable that the patient should live.

In contrast to all their learned Egyptian specialists and their prescriptions, the Babylonians seem to have had no professional physicians at all, but most everyone must have been something of an amateur. M. H. It was the custom to carry sick people out to the market place and invite strangers who passed by to diagnose and treat them.

The Greeks, with their orderly and penetrating minds, took the medical lore of ancient Egypt and gave medicine a new birth by trying to trace



The Death-Bed of a Pharaoh of Egypt. His Weeping Queen, Huddled at the Foot of the Couch, Has Summoned a Sorcerer, Who Chants an Incantation Over the Little Magic Figure in His Palm, During the King's Death.—From the Painting by F. Mantiana, the Distinguished British Artist.

developed the art of mummification. The Egyptians realized the value of the heart and were careful not to remove that organ. The other vital organs they dried, wrapped and at first placed in canopic jars near the mummy. Later these were replaced in the body cavity. Curiously enough they had no idea of the importance of the brain and simply threw it away in the belief that the heart was the seat of intelligence and emotions.

That mistake persisted into the present era and still shows itself in the languages of the world in such expressions as breaking one's heart, hard or tender-hearted, etc., all attributes of various parts of the brain.

The basis of the mummification process was salting and drying. The salting was accomplished by long immersion in a salt bath, the mummy sitting in a huge jar in salt up to its neck. The drying, which came next, seems to have been done over a wood fire.

The physician who treated the Pharaoh and his big court dignitaries had the wonderful opportunity of dropping in during the mummification, which was really a rough and ready process, and seeing that something had been wrong with the patient's liver was correct.

Not all these Egyptian doctors were boasters. One who lived 1,500 B. C., wrote modestly that he classified disease under three heads. He said: "It is an ailment I will treat. It is an ailment I will contend with. It is untreatable."

"There are many persons still living in the British Isles, who in their childhood have been made to swallow skinned mice as a remedy for whooping cough and other childish ailments," says Dr. Dawson. In April, 1925, after a lecture that I gave on mice and magic in medicine, before the Folklore Society, two of my audience told me of their experience of mouse-eating in childhood and I have since come across a number of other cases. This affords a striking example of the persistence of a remedy far more than sixty centuries.

An Amulet of Hathor, Believed Peculiarly Effective in Illness. Hathor Was the Egyptian Lady of Heaven and Mistress of the Underworld.

near the Nile was too valuable for a cemetery. As soon as kings and nobles discovered that bodies could be preserved and got the idea that it meant immortality, they built sacred tombs for their remains. This defeated their object by letting the air get to the bodies and to correct. If there

Mystery of the Murdered Sweethearts in the Old "Love Quarry"

Ohio Police Puzzled to Find a Motive for the Killing of the 17-Year-Old Sunday School Student and Her "Boy Friend" by Someone Who Spent Hours Weighting the Bodies With Carefully Selected Stones, Effaced Every Sign of the Crime and Then Left His Victims' Roadster as a Sign Post for Searchers



Miss Thelma Woods, the 17-Year-Old Ohio Sunday School Student, Whose Cruel and Apparently Motiveless Murder Has Stirred the Police Authorities in Her State.

MINDS of murderers tend to run in the same channels—which helps the police usually to reconstruct the crime as soon as they come upon the scene.

For one thing, murderers either leave the body where it fell or dispose of it in the quickest possible manner, for the reason that the killer is ridden by the dread that a witness may stumble onto the scene and have to be killed, too.

Very rarely does a criminal take such pains and time as did the murderers of 17-year-old Thelma Woods, Sunday school student, and her sweetheart, Earl Truesdale, at the old "Love Quarry," near Lima, Ohio. Yet having shown such incredible patience and forethought in so fixing the bodies that in the ordinary course of events they would never be found, the murderer betrayed their hiding place by neglecting such a quick, simple and obvious move that one would hardly expect even the most stupid and rattle-headed person to miss.

So unnatural seemed the workings of this unknown mind, and so attorney suggested the murders, that for this very reason the police arrested and questioned for two weeks a man who was thought by many to be somewhat peculiar, but who was released for lack of any evidence against him.

On the eve of Decoration Day young Truesdale, 21 years old, and Thelma Woods, both of Lima, Ohio, drove in his car to McCullough's Grove, near Lima, Ohio, where they were seen by many dancing till midnight. Then, when the orchestra threw out its musical hint of "Home, Sweet Home," like the others they got their hats and coats and drove away, supposedly for home.

By morning, all who had homes had reached that objective except one boy and one girl, and in these two places there was worry. No family likes to advertise the news that a 17-year-old daughter did not come home last night. Such stories do not fowl well in the ears of the nice, serious-intentioned young man, who, everyone hopes, will show up sooner or later.

Therefore Mr. and Mrs. John Woods were their concern that Sunday morning by attending, as always, the Baptist Church and hoping that Thelma would appear for Sunday school. And the Donald Truesdales tried to console

themselves with the thought that their boy had eloped. As the hours passed, worry sharpened Mrs. Truesdale's wit, and she abandoned the elopement hope. Reluctantly her husband was persuaded to notify the police.

For no other reason than that it was the most notorious petting place anywhere in the neighborhood, the police drove straight to the old, abandoned stone quarry, known as the "Love Quarry." Its sixty-foot depths had long since been filled with water, forming "Spooner's Pond."

And there they were confronted by the Truesdale roadster on the brink of the water, with the lamps turned on. There was no sign of violence, no footprints on the hard ground, no clues of any sort. The police thought they knew just what to do. The "Love Quarry" was such a popular petting paradise on pleasant evenings that there must surely have been quite a few other patrons and pettinesses of the spot. They rounded up all the most notorious "sheiks" and "shebas" of the vicinity, but could find nobody who had visited the quarry that particular night.

Soon arose a public clamor to drag that pond, but the police resisted at first. To begin with, they had no equipment for working at such a depth and also they were convinced nothing would be found. If Truesdale had killed the girl and sunk her body there, he would surely have fished it out and not left it with its lights calling attention to the spot. If both had been murdered and thrown in, whoever it would have removed the car for the same reason. Also, unless the bodies were carefully weighted they would rarely come to the surface soon.

But the clamor increased until the police consulted experts in Toledo, who advised dismantling the pond in the hope of dislodging the weights of any bodies that might be lying on the bottom. Five times the stagnant depths were shot, like a volcano, without results, and then, after the sixth shot, the watchers saw the slow-moving, patrol boats suddenly lifted. On a ledge of rock just below the surface, so that part of her dress fluted in the ripples, they found the body of Miss Woods and brought it ashore.

One of those almost miraculous

things that so often occur in murder cases had happened. Someone, with infinite patience, had wired a lot of thin stone slabs to the body and, besides this, had weighted the girl's bloomers with a number of smaller stones. Though the body had been in the water a week, it had been so cold, sixty feet deep, that her face had not been distorted, nor had gas affected the body. Even if it had, it could never have lifted that lead of rock. For reasons not very clear, the hands and feet had been tied.

The only explanation is that in some manner the explosions must have caused a violent uprush of water that forced the body up the quarry side and left it hanging on that shelf near the surface. The autopsy revealed no explosive would induce the quarry to yield anything more, so pumps were installed and the slow process of pumping out the quarry started. While this was going on, the police arrested John May, 21 years old, a peculiar character, known as the "pinchole burglar."

Two years ago Lima authorities found themselves entangled in a mystery concerning a chain of petty thefts. Always the loot from homes was the same—cash or firearms. Although some wealthy homes had been robbed, no jewelry was ever taken. Fur coats were overlooked and silver plate ignored. But always small amounts of money were taken and usually a revolver and even shotguns were stolen. Always, too, police discovered later, May usually was at the police station when such burglary calls were received. All came about the same hour



Earl Truesdale, Thelma's "Boy Friend" Who Met a Mysterious Death With Her.

After his arrest and conviction, police learned May had robbed the homes while the residents were at the movies or otherwise away from home. He was tripped up, however, after he had taken some rare old coins and made the mistake of asking police where he could find a catalogue with information about their value.

Police already had begun to suspect May and purposely had advised the victim of the burglary not to mention the loss of the coins. Thus, with this background and the fact he was friendly with Miss Woods, it was not a surprise when police seized May at once. But try as they might, even with the aid of detectives from Toledo and Cleveland, officers were unable to shake his alibi that he attended the dance with another girl and was home before Truesdale and Miss Woods left the park.

After two weeks of grilling, May was released and then turned to assist authorities in establishing a motive for the crime. May told of his frequent dates with Miss Woods and named

other youths who had obtained her favor. He also revealed that the slain girl was more worldly wise than some of her Sunday school companions believed. Much of his story was borne out by Mrs. Woods, who told police her daughter often received gifts from young men visitors.

Foot by foot a battery of pumps lowered the water, diving apparatus and submersible lights were installed at great expense to the county, but, as usual, "it is an ill wind that blows nobody good." Such a crowd thronged the shores of the pond that small fortunes were made by vendors of peanuts, hot dogs, ice cream and soft drinks, who barked their wares while boatloaders whispered theirs. Then, on a ledge five and a half feet from the bottom, was found the body of Truesdale.

In exactly the same way his hands and feet had been tied and his body weighted with long, thin slabs of stone carefully wired on. Again the autopsy showed no water in the lungs and that death had been caused from the same sort of crushing blow on the back of his head.

With certain mysterious gaps, the authorities have a fairly clear picture of what happened that night in the "Love Quarry." They visualize the boy and girl stopping the car at the water's edge. This must have been followed by a moment of looking around to see if anyone was near to disturb them. There evidently was someone, but the lovers did not know it. Death stole up on the two sweethearts while they caressed each other in the car. It came unseen and unheard out of the darkness as they were whispering and looking into each other's eyes. The snugging of a twig or the faintest footfall would have made them turn and face whoever it was that stalked



As 17-Year-Old Thelma and Truesdale, Her Sweetheart, Sat Caressing Each Other in the Little Roadster, Death Came Creeping Up to Them Through the Trees, and Claimed Them Before They Could Have Had the Slightest Hinting of Their Peril—For It Seems That Both Girl and Youth Were Struck Down From Behind, Each Dying Instantly.

The two similar blows on the back of the heads of the victims argue that there was no warning, no scuffle and no preliminary attempt to extort money.

The double blow points to two murderers who struck from behind at the same instant. The purpose seems to have been neither robbery nor abduction but deliberate murder and there appears the great gap in the picture—the motive. Were they "thrill-murderers" or did they mistake this pair for someone else?

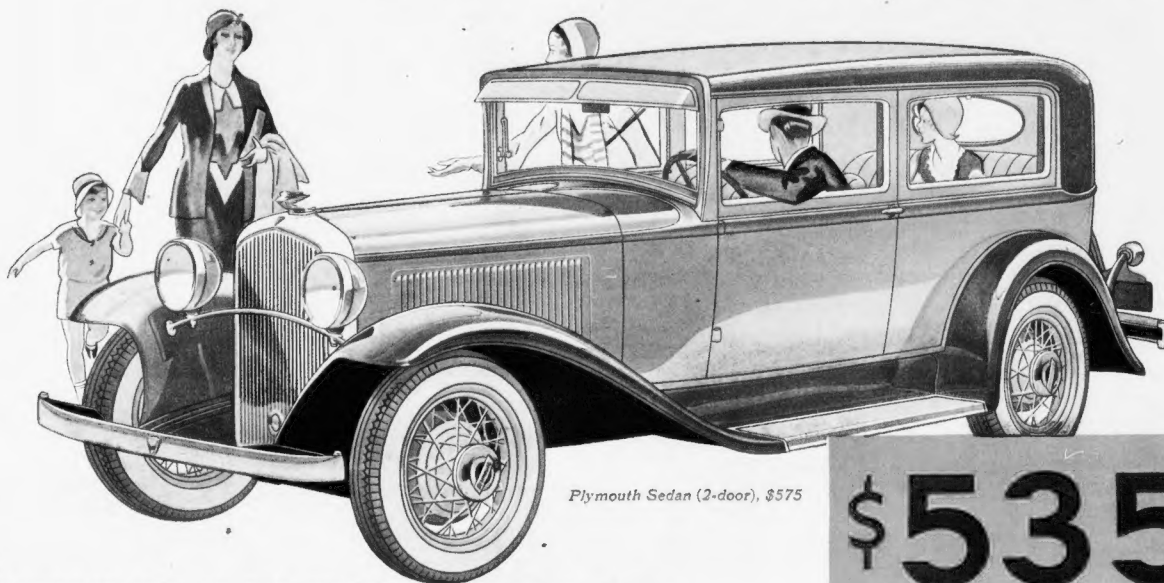
Whether it was a case of mistaken identity or not, the killers set to work in that place where they might expect interruption and discovery at any moment methodically and unhesitatingly to go about the business of disposing of the bodies. They evidently knew the quarry well enough to find those thin victims down so thoroughly that they would never come to the surface under any probable conditions, they pitched first one and then the other into the depths. Presumably they had a car of their own in which they drove away after satisfying themselves that nothing had been overlooked in covering their trail. There remains the greatest mystery of all. Why didn't they drive the roadster away a few miles and leave it beside some other body of water? The thing of all, did they leave the lights of that roadster burning? The authorities do not know. All suspects have been released and no others arrested. Still murder will out and perhaps, as time passes, still another semimysterious happening like the rising of Thelma's weighted body, will betray the murderers. Meanwhile, "Spooner's Pond" is filling up with water again but there are no more sponsors around that haunted place.

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For Chrysler Motors engineers have now overcome the vibration inherent in old-fashioned Fours with a new kind of silken power—power as smooth as satin, as soft as velvet.

Sixes and Eights were created—and Chrysler Motors engineers design some of the world's finest for Dodge, Chrysler and De Soto—because people objected to the constant tremor which four-cylinder engines send up through frame and body to driver and passengers.

Floating Power, new and exclusive to Plymouth, changes all that by eliminating vibration.

The New Plymouth retains all the simplicity, rugged strength, long life and economy of a Four with the smoothness of an Eight.

Just imagine buying in the field of lowest price a car with 56 brake-test horsepower, with actual stop-watch speeds of 65 to 70 miles an hour, with pick-up from a

standing start to 40 miles in 9.7 seconds—yet vibrationless as a fine Eight.

Plymouth challenges the world of lowest-priced cars with an exclusive engineering triumph you must try for yourself fully to appreciate.

Plymouth gives you Free Wheeling that brings to the field of lowest price this thrilling feature of high-priced cars. You can shift between all forward speeds without declutching—easily, quickly, smoothly.

Plymouth also gives a new Easy-Shift transmission. You can shift quickly from second to high and back again at speeds of 35 and 45 miles an hour without clashing or grinding of gears even with Free Wheeling locked out.

Chrysler Motors engineers have given the Plymouth a double-drop frame for lower center of gravity, greater safety and roadability, and finer style.

On its rugged chassis, Plymouth carries full-size Safety-Steel bodies, scientifically constructed, safe and permanently quiet.

The New Plymouth is the only car in the lowest-price

field that has self-equalizing internal hydraulic brakes—simplest and unexcelled for safety and smoothness.

And Plymouth has an entirely new styling. From radiator to tail light it is a creation of eye-compelling beauty of line and color—comparable with far higher-priced cars.

We invite you to prove the superiority of the New Plymouth. See it. Ride in it. Drive it.

Remember, the New Plymouth challenges comparison with any car at or near its price—in performance, in safety, in size, in luxury, in quality, in value. Among cars of lowest price, we believe you will find nothing to equal the New Plymouth—the quality car for millions, with the Smoothness of an Eight and the Economy of a Four.

NEW LOW PRICES—Roadster \$535, Sport Roadster \$595, Sport Phaeton \$595, Coupe \$565, Coupe (with rumble seat) \$610, Convertible Coupe \$645, Sedan (2-door) \$575, Sedan (4-door 3-window) \$635, f.o.b. factory. Wire wheels standard at no extra cost. Low delivered prices. Convenient time-payments. Non-shatterable glass is available on all models at small extra cost.

NEW PLYMOUTH IS SOLD BY ALL DODGE,
DE SOTO AND CHRYSLER DEALERS

It Annoyed Wealthy Young Mr. Mott To Be Good

So He Threw Away \$10,000,000, Defied His Parents, Deserted His Wife and Children, Eloped With Another Man's Wife, Drank Himself Almost to Death and Finally Died an Ardent Prohibitionist



Mrs. Frances Hewitt Bowne, as She Was When She Eloped With Jordan L. Mott, Grandson of the Great New York Iron Master.

ONCE in a while some lucky person, born to all the good things that most people strive for, astonishes the world by deliberately throwing them all away and, apparently, trying to get a little happiness and as much misery out of life as possible.

One of these queer wrong-headed characters was Jordan L. Mott, who inherited the famous name and would have inherited \$10,000,000 from his grandfather, the New York iron magnate. He has just died near Roseburg, Oregon, after making such a complete mess of his life that it was the inspiration of the famous play, "The Man Who Came Back."

The founder of the Mott fortunes suspected that his grandson was being spoiled and left the ten million in such a way that the boy would not get the first half till he was 40, and the rest five years later. Furthermore, he was not to receive any of it at all unless he had shown himself to be a sober, reliable, responsible person worthy of a fortune.

At the age of 22, when young Mott graduated from college, he had only to behave reasonably decently for 18 years to come into a golden reward not in the hereafter but right on earth. Meanwhile, his indulgent parents supplied him with all the luxuries of life, including a \$20,000 automobile and a private chauffeur. Besides all this he was big, strong, healthy and appealing to women. The lucky youth had nothing to worry about, but, like a dog that has no fleas, he made it his business to go out and get some.

That \$10,000,000 glittering for him in the near future, instead of steady young Mott, made him peevish. It was the first important thing this child had been forced to wait for. "If I've got to wait till I am an old man of forty, I don't want the money," he said petulantly and set out to prove it by painting the town red once or twice a week, so that the trustees of the will heard about it. The more his worried parents pleaded with him to stop his spendthrift ways the more the spoiled child delighted in doing the opposite. His father, J. L. Mott, second of the line, contemplated shutting off his allowance but his mother urged that it was only with child and that he would settle down and be good as soon as he met the right girl.

Sure enough, their only son fell in love with Miss Carolyn W. Pitkin of South Braintree, Mass., and, to every one's delight, married her and settled down. The last doubt was removed at the birth of a fourth J. L. Mott. Now that he had a child to hand those millions on to, he would take mighty good care to deserve and, at them. So everyone thought, but Mott always did the unexpected.

The baby's arrival instead of binding the mother and father closer together caused dissensions. Those quarrels Mott used as excuse for resuming his wild life on Broadway—"Where people understand me." Again the trustees shook their heads and the anxious parents decided something must be done. They pulled in the purse strings by placing most of Mott's allowance in his hands.

As spendthrifts usually do, young Mott promptly punished her for this by creating a scandal that echoed around the world. He eloped in 1912 with Miss Frances Hewitt, a musical comedy star. She was Miss on the stage, but in private life, the wife of Walter Bowne, a wealthy business man of Flushing, Long Island. They had moved in fashionable society.

This created a hullabaloo enough to make Mott's respectable parents sick with mortification, but the young was not so satisfied to let it go at that. He contrived it would keep the scandal in the public eye for a long time. He had himself appointed purser and Mrs. Bowne stewardess of the Indradee, an English tramp steamer sailing from New York to Hong Kong. This fantastic situation of the heir to millions and a runaway society wife, sailing half way around the earth with rough sailors, made it certain that at every port of call they would be visited by reporters and camera men.

Mott's mother was stricken with nervous prostration and could do nothing but man to her husband: "Do something—stop him—bring back my boy." Mr. Mott did the best thing he could think of. He handed \$10,000 for expenses to Hector Fuller, his son's closest friend, told him to follow the scapegrace and bring him back at any cost. Fuller set off along the lumbering tramp in the swift Mauretania. It was the last he heard of the tortoise, but the



The Former Mrs. Bowne, After Years of Suffering and Struggle Have Lined Her Face.

tortoise had a good start and unfortunately the news of the race got out, thus adding to the general interest.

By the time Fuller had reached the other side, and dashed down through France and Spain to Gibraltar, he found a large delegation of newspapermen and photographers awaiting him with the news that the Indradee had just left. Its next stop would be Port Said, at the other end of the Mediterranean and unluckily there would not be a P. & O. liner for several days in which to chase her. However, the tramp was slow and at the rate she had crossed the Atlantic, the liner should beat the runaways into Port Said nicely.

But the old tub did not travel at her usual speed. Mott had learned at Gibraltar of the pursuit and made a deal with his captain to pay for all the extra coal he could burn. With the beautiful Mrs. Bowne, who sang to

them, he visited and bribed the stokers, who kept up such a steam pressure that it threatened to burst the old "lime-juicer's" boilers. Almost shaking apart at the unusual speed, she got in and out of the Suez Canal ahead of poor Fuller, who was obliged to go to Hong Kong, China.

That objective he reached far ahead of the elopers, but, when they arrived, Mott only laughed at him. Fuller cabled he had news to Mott's father in New York, but suggested that the pair would soon be out of money and then Mott would listen to reason. Mr. Mott cabled back to wait and do that. He didn't have to wait long.

Soon Mr. Mott, Sr., received word that the runaways had been put out of their hotel for unpaid bills. With satisfaction he prophesied to his wife that it would now be only a matter of days or weeks when the prodigal would have to come back to them. But she wrung her hands and said:

"My poor boy, away off there without any money."

The father thought it would do him good to learn that money is hard to get and isn't just something to be burned. Next came word that everything had been pawned and Mrs. Bowne was picking up enough pennies to feed them by singing in the streets. Again Mrs. Mott wept at the thought of her "baby" among those dreadful Chinamen, but Mr. Mott exulted, for he had another cable station that the young man was weakening and beginning to negotiate. A week later came this bombshell:

"It's all off. Who sent him ten thousand?" "FULLER." "Who indeed?" The iron masquerade looked suspiciously at his wife, who finally confessed. She had been going to resist her darling's pathetic letters

and cabled the money. Fuller came back and reported that young Mott had seen the error of his ways, everything was agreed, the tickets had been bought for his return and they were just starting when the old lady's fatal kindness ruined it all.

The mother now saw the error of her ways and agreed to let her wayward son go broke and learn sense. Apparently that \$10,000 was spent mostly for drink and after that the pair suffered all sorts of degradations, the woman singing in the streets of Chinese cities for pennies. Most of those pitiful earnings went for Mott's liquor.

Many a night, according to this other woman—unfaithful to her husband, Mr. Bowne, but extraordinarily faithful to this wretched—when Mott had fallen into the stupor of drunkenness, she had held him in her arms and, with lips to his, prayed passionately in her heart for his redemption from the curse that fettered him. In time that prayer was granted most surprisingly.

Learning that his son had become a hopeless drunkard, the father sent another emissary, who found him in a dive in Shanghai and tried to get him to return to the United States where he could at least drink himself to death in clean surroundings. Mott opened his heavy eyes and babbled:

"What? And leave the little woman who has been so true to me in the gutter? Never!"

It was that madman speech that inspired that famous play of a good-for-nothing rich man's son redeemed by a faithful woman. The play was a great success, but Mott remained the same dreadful self-made failure, falling lower and lower until his parents simply waited for the end.

But it was about time for Mott to get everywhere again and he did, turning up in Japan not only on the water wagon, but as one of the rabid pro prohibitionists in the world. He became editor of a little magazine in Tokio printed half in Japanese and half in English and devoted to virulent attacks on the "demon rum." Having had all the liquor he wanted he wasn't going to let anyone else have any.

As long as Mott was trying to reform the whole world, he might have braced up himself, come home and

been a father to his child and a husband to the wife who had not yet divorced him and, incidentally, still perhaps have collected those ten millions. But, as usual, bent on doing the wrong thing, he let his forties birthday pass and then his forty-fifth and with that the millions slipped through his grasp forever. Another fool and his money parted before they ever were joined.

Finally a few years ago his wife divorced him, which made the way clear to marry Mrs. Bowne, whose husband had long ago freed himself. They married and now that there was no particular reason for returning to the United States and nobody was asking him to do so, Mott thought it would be a good idea. They settled down on Catalina Island, off the California Coast, where Mott made a small but honest living taking rich men fishing in his little motor boat. Few of his customers, as they tipped him, knew that the man in the greasy pants covered with fish scales could have been worth \$10,000,000.

In 1928 his son married the daughter of Sir Ashley Sparks, millionaire ship-owner, but he only read of that important social event in the papers. He had not been invited. About that time his mother died, leaving him a legacy of \$25,000. It was said that his father was watching to see whether that comparatively small sum would hold him on the road to ruin again. If it did not demoralize him, then, according to report, the elder Mott was ready to change his own will and leave his prohibitionist son some at least of his own \$25,000,000.

But before anything like that could happen, the never-do-well fooled them for the last time by dying at the age of 50 of heart failure, resulting from his long excesses in the past. To round out and make a 100 per cent perfect mess and failure of his life he has managed to leave the faithful woman he dragged down with him unprovided for in her old age.

Mrs. Jordan L. Mott, 3rd. Daughter of the Millionaire British Ship Owner, Sir Ashley Sparks.

Pandora Lingers in the Lid By Jennifer Ames

Synopsis of Preceding Chapters.

T he young man's best stock-in-trade is a vigorous, well-groomed look. A weekly massage with "Vaseline" Hair Tonic keeps his hair thick, shining and healthy. Then a few drops of "Vaseline" Hair Tonic applied at the time of combing, and behold, the handsome effect! A fine thatch of hair means health from the scalp out. Easily achieved if you follow this "Vaseline" Hair Tonic routine. Apply the Tonic directly to the scalp, grasp the head firmly with both hands and massage round and round from neck and temples up to the crown, until the scalp moves loosely. Shampoo as usual, then after the hair is dry, brush on more Tonic to keep it smooth and well-dressed.

CHAPTER IV.
A Kiss in the Dark.

HE thought that the dancing was that he was a very nice man. But when he saw the girl in the party, "Pan" was in an awful lot to a modern, fast-working, "it".

Everything had gone perfectly since that first afternoon. If not exactly at the time, Quarrender was at least a tame gorilla. He

"Will, if he can listen to Dad's rambling preparations with such a show of interest he must be content," thought Pan, contentedly. Here he was, "cause he really is sweet." And then she called herself "Miss you, you're surely not going to get sappy about the man? Why this is a joke."

Quarrender was older than any of the boys. Pan had hitherto played around with him, but now she found herself listening mockingly by the hour to Quarrender. Possibly because he had such a lot of interesting things to talk about.

For instance, he would be telling her one minute how he worked down from California to Cape Horn on a five-masted sailing rig, the next minute relating some amusing incident that had happened while he was training on foot across the Andes, and later, discussing the South Sea Islands where, in Tahiti, he had lived in a grove for a spell.

"With a dusky bride?" asked Pan, determined to prove she was the last word in sophistication.

"One? A dozen of 'em, dear lady," laughed Quarrender. Pan didn't believe him. And she knew she would hate to believe him.

But tonight she was not thinking. She was just giving herself up to a sort of breathless enjoyment. Tonight was the night of Professor and Mrs. Quarrender's party. And Pan was there.

Heaven only knows how Quarrender had worked it, but Mrs. Quarrender had rung her up especially the day before to invite her. "I can't think why you didn't receive an invitation, Pan dear. It must have gone astray in the post," the good lady poured into the telephone on a merely smiling tone.

But later, as she drove to the Quarrender's with Quarrender, she complimented him. "Pretty smart work, old kid. Especially as this is the great night, when you're to meet Suzette."

"What's Suzette like?" asked Quarrender. And added in the same breath, "But of course I'm an expert. Fair description from you, her rival belle in Bolton."

Pan kicked him on the shin with her silver shoe toe.

"He's a jester," she murmured. "I'll take it that you've said she's beautiful and nervous," and receive my judgment. Jump out, Pan, we're here."

The Quarrenders had put their in a foot foremost tonight. "Oakwood Lane" shouted to the world she was a gala occasion. Brilliant lights streamed from all windows, welcoming beacons that defied the darkness. Red carpets trickled, like an exotic waterfall, down the front steps; while, through wide flung doors, you caught an impression of girls in gay colored gowns, strolling in the corridors, of black-suited men in the ballroom, of servers raising their heads and thither bent on looking busy, of the hostess receiving at the head of the stairs. You heard a suggestion of music, the blue, faint tapping on drums, the sings of the violin, and, above that suggestion of music, the clear, ringing laughter of dancers, the light shuffle of feet. . . .

Oh, yes, this was a gala occasion.

Winner ... not by a hair, but a head of hair

This young man's best stock-in-trade is a vigorous, well-groomed look. A weekly massage with "Vaseline" Hair Tonic keeps his hair thick, shining and healthy. Then a few drops of "Vaseline" Hair Tonic applied at the time of combing, and behold, the handsome effect! A fine thatch of hair means health from the scalp out. Easily achieved if you follow this "Vaseline" Hair Tonic routine. Apply the Tonic directly to the scalp, grasp the head firmly with both hands and massage round and round from neck and temples up to the crown, until the scalp moves loosely. Shampoo as usual, then after the hair is dry, brush on more Tonic to keep it smooth and well-dressed.

The nearest drugstore sells "Vaseline" Hair Tonic. Barbers everywhere recommend and use it. Two sizes of shaker-top bottles. This is a product of the Chesbrough Mfg. Co., Con'd., 17 State Street, New York, N.Y. © Chesbrough Mfg. Co., Con'd. 1931

Vaseline HAIR TONIC

"You must admit, Pan, ours is a great arrangement," Quarrender murmured, tightening his hold on her by way of proving the truth of it.



"Well, if he can listen to Dad's rambling preparations with such a show of interest he must be content," thought Pan, contentedly. Here he was, "cause he really is sweet." And then she called herself "Miss you, you're surely not going to get sappy about the man? Why this is a joke."

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The Story of an Ultramodern Girl Who Thought She Could Defy the Conventions

and a sweetly studied smile. She murmured, "I saw you play at Forest Hills, Mr. Hale. You were marvelous. You think me silly, but even then, I knew we'd meet."

Quarrender said the obvious as he started to dance with her. "How did you know?"

Suzette might have said, "Because your aunt is a great friend of my mother's." Which would have been the truth. But instead she chose to be mysterious.

"Oh, I just felt it somehow. Don't you ever feel things, Mr. Quarrender Hale?"

He laughed, and said bluntly, "I certainly feel a tremor hard when it gives me a good hard whack."

Suzette's eyes fell, and her pretty painted lips pouted. "Now you're making fun of me, Mr. Hale."

She looked so upset, Quarrender found himself apologizing, murmuring, "You're about having felt he'd meet her too. Humoring her as he would not have humored any other girl in the room. Suzette had that effect upon you. Four whole dances passed before Quarrender sought out Pan again. To all outward appearances Pan was having a marvelous time. Easily the best dancer in the room, she was cut in on continually. Besides, she could always be relied upon for a new and original line. But while she flitted, obviously, about her partner, she was conscious all the while of Quarrender dancing with Suzette. "Suzette's working the mysterious line tonight," she thought. "All that bunk about feeling things and having met in a past reincarnation. . . . Surely Quarrender's not going to be taken in by it. Yet Quarrender. . . . Yet Suzette is beautiful."

Pan had always been ready to admit Suzette's beauty. But she had never allowed it to discomfort her before. Yet, ever since that startling discovery down in the garden, she found her own confidence ebbing.

And it was four whole dances before Quarrender cut in on her again.

In the typical Pan way she came straight to the point. "You notice you made a bit with the divine Suzette. Was it reciprocated?"

Quarrender was evasive. "She's lovely is beautiful."

"That's my answer?"

He smiled slowly. "Maybe."

"Which means 'but up' I guess," she laughed. And he knew because she felt she must know: "Like her better than me?"

"Don't," she smiled. "I died from Quarrender's eyes. He looked really angry. 'You're not so confident about me, old kid.'"

She told him "yes" with her lips, but her heart ached which she seemed suddenly to have lost control, cried out that she didn't want to dance with him. That while she still wanted him as a pal, she could not have a lover. "Well. . . . She wanted him to kiss her again, as he had in the garden, she wanted the feel of his arms, not as they were now, sleek in the conventional attitude of dancing, but tight and possessive. She wanted. . . . well, she wanted to face with it now and there was no getting away from it. . . . she wanted more than any."



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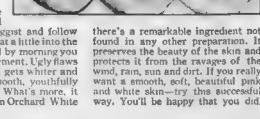
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This new way - those ugly weather stains, freckles, blackheads and wrinkles that annoy you so much - can now be removed and the skin made smooth and white overnight. It's absolutely the safest and surest way known to make the skin beautiful and to keep it that way indefinitely.

Just take three ounces of Orchard White from any drugstore and follow the easy directions. Fat a little tinted skin at bed-time and by morning you can see big improvement. Ugly flaws disappear. The skin gets whiter and it is so easy, smooth, youthful and beautiful. What's more, it stays that way. For in Orchard White there's a remarkable ingredient not found in any other preparation. It preserves the beauty of the skin and protects it from the ravages of the wind, rain, sun and dirt. If you really want a smooth, soft, beautiful pink and white complexion, use Orchard White. You'll be happy that you did.



"I can't think what happened to that invitation," she murmured. "But nowadays you simply can't rely on the post."

But the invitation did turn up, just after you'd phoned. Pan said wickedly.

The black look of astonishment on his aunt's face made Quarrender turn abruptly away.

"Little devil," he murmured to Pan as he led her into the ballroom.

But why worry? She was here, very much here, and, as she danced around the old-fashioned ballroom in Quarrender's arms, she felt absurdly happy. Suzette had not arrived yet, and this was the fourth dance. "But then," Pan reflected, "Suzette would be late. It's her sense of the dramatic. Anyhow, let her come. I'm all prepared."

A long moment, hanging over the mantelshelf, caught their reflection as they danced. Pan glanced up into it and thought, "We really do look well together."

Just then Quarrender glanced into it too. His eyes met Pan's. He smiled. "Striking-looking couple, eh, Pandora? Such an attractive girl in the green wrap of a dress, that is more a suggestion than an actual dress, if you get my meaning. And that hair of hers, the color of red-dish sap. . . . I always did want to know a girl with that shade of red hair."

Pan answered in the same half-serious, half-bemused tone. "And I adore the looks of it, man, don't you? Brown hair, intense brown eyes that thrill you, that devastating bronze to her skin. . . . Just the perfect hair-tone to answer any poor maiden's prayer. I bet every girl in the room has fallen for her already."

They both laughed. Then were both silent. For the fat, cheery drummer burst into song. An old song - working it in as an encore:

I ask you for a kiss,
You give me just one kiss,
But I want another kiss,
Ah, don't be like that,
I wish I knew - if you really love me.

The things you do don't think much of me. . . .
"I like the way you're so sure of yourself," Quarrender murmured. "Danced to it in France often. Matter of fact, I used to ask them to play it especially for us."

Pan thought, "who is 'us'?" Then, in surprised dismay, "Pandora. Pam, you mean to say you're actually jealous."

Quarrender said, "Too absurd. And yet."

At one end of the ballroom, glass doors gave out on to a gently sloping lawn. The night was hot. The glass doors were open invitingly. Presently Pan found that Quarrender had danced her close to the lawn that was soft and dewy. She felt her little slip the waves in her hair. . . . She felt Quarrender's nearness, felt it intensely out there in the warm darkness that caressed about them like a soft enveloping shawl. Impulsively and not quite realizing it, she raised herself higher on her toes, pressed her lips further across his broad, black-clothed back. And as they danced thus she looked up at

the moon. It seemed like an old friend tonight, fat and jolly. Like life, Pan thought, jolly. . . . Under his breath Quarrender was singing the words of the song. Singing them very low. Yet Pan heard them. He had hunched his back and his lips were close to her ear.

"I ask you for a kiss,
You give me just one kiss. . . ."

He had danced her further down the lawn, where a large tree half hid them from view. He stopped dancing. But he didn't let her go. If anything, his arm tightened.

"Supposing I ask you for a kiss, Pandora?" His voice was still mocking but his eyes were serious.

"Well," laughed Pan, a trace of breathlessness in her laughter. "You won't refuse me? Although, it's not within the letter of our contract. Yet, you did say that, on occasion, you'd want a man to 'firt a little with you'." Has that occasion arrived?"

"A kiss?" "A kiss?" "What's in a kiss?" "I've kissed many boys. Why not Quarrender? Besides, I want to kiss him."

Aloud, her own voice mocking itself, lightly tremulous. "You may take it the occasion has arrived."

She jerked back her hair, the familiar Pan gesture, and raised her face, odd, white, elf-like in the silken darkness.

He kissed her. He kissed her again, and murmured, "My dear kid. . . ."

And something, maybe the throbbing note in his voice or, as though she wanted to cry, a strange sensation for Pan, who had never felt in the least like a kiss.

Odd it was, surely. Because this was the old song. It might have been brought up over. A summer night, a full moon, moonlight on the grass, a man and a girl kissing beneath the drooping branches of a large elm tree. It might happen to anyone, on any warm flower-scented night.

But Pan drew away from Quarrender rather abruptly. She leaped against the marble and trunk, breathing rapidly. And a thought came, so unexpected and devastating, she felt her brain reel.

"Why, Pandora Penamables," she murmured in awe to herself, "I actually believe you've fallen in love!"

Mercifully there came an interruption. Down the lawn, straight for those two shadowed figures, came Mrs. Quarrender trumpeting loudly. "Wherever have you got to, Quarrender! I've been looking for you for ages. Suzette's arrived. You know, Suzette's lovely. I'm so anxious for you two to meet."

CHAPTER V.
Suzette Starts to Work.

"SO sensible to come out into the cool on such a hot night," Mrs. Quarrender murmured, as the three walked back towards the house. But she looked at Pan. That look said: "I might have expected this of you, Pandora." She had not forgotten Pan yet for what she had said about the invitation which had never been sent.

Suzette was waiting in the corner of the ballroom. Like a shy, declining to allow the great Quarrender to be introduced to her. An instant set her black head, a condescending grace to her, a languor to her, a languor to her.

Quarrender thought, in that first moment of seeing her, "She's like a Botticelli Madonna in that blue Old World gown. Exquisite."

Some man claimed Pan and danced away with her. Quarrender went to meet her. Suzette gave him a tiny ringed

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Quarrender thought, in that first moment of seeing her, "She's like a Botticelli Madonna in that blue Old World gown. Exquisite."

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NOW
THE WORLD'S SMARTEST COLLAR
VAN HEUSEN

REDUCED
from 35¢ to

25¢



You're always COOL
in a Van Heusen

A BETTER VAN HEUSEN THAN EVER!

At its original price of 50c, the VAN HEUSEN Collar was an instantaneous success. Later, its great popularity and enormous sales enabled us to reduce the price to 35c.

Now, we are glad to announce a still further reduction: VAN HEUSEN, "the World's Smartest Collar", at 25c—truly an aristocratic collar at a democratic price!

And, it's a better VAN HEUSEN than ever, with the same high quality and exclusive patented features that have always made it the favorite collar of well-groomed American men.

It has a new and improved fold line that

outwears the fold line of earlier designs. It is made of a heavier yet more flexible fabric. It combines unstarched comfort with a trim smartness unknown to ordinary collars.

Put style around your neck, for it's your collar that is seen first. Get acquainted with the new VAN HEUSEN. At 25c, it is indispensable to every man in America.

Dress up! Be cool, comfortable and stylish in a VAN HEUSEN.

PHILLIPS - JONES

1225 Broadway

New York City

These are the features that have made VAN HEUSEN "the World's Smartest Collar": 1—one piece; 2—multi-ply fabric; 3—woven on a curve; 4—fold woven in; 5—no bands or seams; 6—no starch; 7—will not wilt; 8—will not wrinkle; 9—no saw edges; 10—saves your shirts and ties.

New Low Prices on Van Heusen Collarite Shirts

Horton—Reduced from \$1.95 to **\$1.65** — **Clifton**—Reduced from \$2.45 to **\$1.95**

VAN HEUSEN
The World's Smartest
COLLAR

Harlan Grant Was No Saint Were Women Were Concerned, and Is. Waverly Was a Pretty Little Fox

Synopsis of Preceding Chapters.

[illegible][illegible][illegible]

But you seem kind
and kind."
"I hope so," Mrs. Stebb
said, and drew forward
the chair, but she remained
silent, her hands clasped nervously in her lap.
"I don't think," she re-
sponded, "I'm fighting a worried
fight, but I'm nervous since
the doctor's death."
"But only that's perfectly
natural," I suggested. "It must
have been a pretty bad shock."
"Yes," she agreed, "but father
was a very sympathetic person. He
and the Italian were friendly
and they weren't devoted. I'm

(Continued on Page 15)

"Reach for a LUCKY instead"

Place your finger on your Adam's Apple. You are actually touching your larynx — this is your voice box — it contains your vocal chords. When you consider your Adam's Apple, you are considering your throat — your vocal chords. What is the effect of modern Ultra Violet Rays upon tobacco? Dr. E. E. Free, one of America's well-known scientists, who was retained by us to study Lucky Strike's manufacturing process, addressing the Illuminating Engineering Society, said:

"The essential effect of the Ultra Violet is the production of better tobacco and of cigarettes regarded by virtually all smokers who have tested them as milder and with a lesser tendency to cause throat irritation."

Here in America LUCKY STRIKE is the only cigarette that employs Ultra Violet Rays in connection with its exclusive "TOASTING" Process—the only cigarette that brings you the benefits of the exclusive "TOASTING" Process which expels certain harsh irritants present in all raw tobaccos.



LUCKIES are always
kind to your throat

Mary Hugel
NEW YORK, N. Y.



TUNE IN—
The Lucky Strike
Dance Orchestra,
every Tuesday,
Thursday and Saturday
evening over
N. B. C. net-
works.

"It's toasted"

Including the use of Ultra Violet Rays
Sunshine Mellow—Heat Purifies

Your Throat Protection—against irritation—against cough

WORRY twisted Tommy Lane's face as he found out the coffee and cream to Mrs. Cawley.

"Or not," he said, "by all laws of common sense it ought to be the cream."

But he said that

[illegible]

CHAPTER XV

[illegible][illegible]

No "After Bite"
When Shaving
with
Cuticura
Shaving Cream

A small amount quickly becomes a thick, lasting lather that penetrates to the hair follicles, while the medicated properties of Cuticura soothe the skin.

At your dealer or sent postpaid on receipt
of \$1.00 to Cuticura Laboratories,
Malden, Mass.



(Continued from Page 15)

[illegible]

The Second Murder.

[illegible]
$$a = \text{position} \quad f \in \mathbb{Z}, \quad m \in \mathbb{N}$$

"Couldn't the Doctor have tricked him?"

"He could, but he didn't," Chief said, "up from the other side of the fireplace. 'I thought that and had the doctors in here,' he said. 'I was just giving a hypodermic needle would murder him, there was nothing of the sort.'"

"There's another reason as to that theory," Jimmy observed. "You must remember that if the Doctor had tricked him, he'd be giving our entire assumption of the Doctor's guilt on his story—he must have only just died."

"No, no, no, no, no, with his wife," I said, "you mean a man that state of mind 'dopping' himself with a concoction of murder involving trained 'gee' or a mysterious poison and a hypodermic needle?"

"The Doctor admitted, 'I can't.'"

"Nor can I," I said, "but I'm realizing that the man's running over in Grand getting into a violent quarrel."

"But it was the Colonoelone!"

"We have only Singh's theories for it. Don't you see? If Singh had been the one to go first, all the theories are reversed. Singh has committed the murder, but the door was locked, so he must have been in there when the room was locked."

"That ought to be easy to work out." The Chief glanced at his watch.

"I don't call the Colonoel and see if he has to say about the door or that of that door?"

"I will," Jimmy said, crossing to the telephone.



Illustration of a mule or donkey wearing a harness, pulling a carriage.

(Continued on Page 17)

A comparison of Budweiser with all other brands of Malt Syrup will convince you that it is superior in flavor and quality. Over 70 years of unceasing effort and adherence to the long established policy that the best is none too good for the American public, assures Budweiser Malt to be **"the best money can buy."**

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**LIGHT OR DARK—RICH IN BODY
—FLAVOR JUST RIGHT**

*It pays to buy the best
Use quality products from*

the House of
BEUSER-BUSCH
ST. LOUIS

Budweiser
*The Nation's
Favorite
Beverage*

Whether it is a single pimple or a pronounced case of acne—a mild rash or a form of eczema, you will find the soothing properties of Resinol Ointment quick to relieve the disorder. Skin once freed from these defects can be kept clear and lovely by daily cleansing with Resinol Soap and a touch of Resinol Ointment to check at once any minor blemish. Sold by your druggist.

May we send you free sample? Write Resinol Dept., P. O. 81, Baltimore, Md.

Resinol

Pan and Little Girl B. Jonefer Ames

(Continued from Page 12)

made with Quanderer the first day he had arrived. And when the old Pan tried to remind her of this, the new Pan refused to listen. While she danced around the Guernsey's old-fashioned ballroom in Quanderer's arms, the voice of the old Pan grew fainter and fainter; all her past theories came to seem like the warmest toys of a far-distant childhood. Things you put away fondly with a reminiscent smile, saying, "Oh, yes, I did believe all that nonsense once. I was so young then—and I didn't understand."

For that's what happens, when you fall in love. Later, in the supper room, wedged together in a corner, eating fruit salad and ice cream on small glass plates, Quanderer observed, "You're quiet tonight, Pan. Anything wrong?"

"I've— I've rather a headache," said the new Pan, lying where the old Pan would have scorned to lie.

"Too bad, I am sorry," murmured Quanderer, knitting his brows and scowling down at her in a worried, helpless man way. "Must be the heat, or the air, or about a short spin in the fresh air?" Give you a breath of fresh air?

"Great," Pan agreed. "I'm dying for a cooler."

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And, although he showed his good intentions by lighting the said cigarette, he had not more than half-smoked it when she threw it into the road. For it is hard to smoke and hold a charming girl in your arms at the same time. Besides, it's scarcely polite.

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CHAPTER V

Out in the Cold.

BUT the next day, contrary to custom, the red speedster did not pull up before the Penanades.

Instead, it swept its imperious way past "The Woodlands," not even slowing down as it took the corner that led to the Country Club.

And Pan, who had been waiting for that same roadster, stared after it in bewilderment. The presently gave way to a sense of dismay.

True, Quanderer had not definitely said he would call for her that afternoon. But Pan had thought he had merely forgotten to mention it. He had been sure he said it through the difficulty of the gate, and on up the driveway.

He had been saying out loud and clear, "Hey, hey, Pan. Where are you?"

And Pan, jumping through one of the lower sitting-room windows, would call back, "Here I am, kid. Been ready for hours."

For Pan scorned the feminine device of keeping a man waiting, even pretending to do so.

Today she was all ready. Even the window was open at the bottom. But, like a flash, the red speedster sped by. She was left standing there.

Pan turned away with a queer sick sensation.

Yet she assured herself, "There's nothing to get mad about. Quanderer must have been in a hurry. He'll probably 'shoot up' when he gets to the Club. Or, maybe, call in on his way home this evening."

How very reasonable this conclusion, she felt happier. For a while she caught in the sitting-room, doing unnecessary things to the flowers to kill time. Supposing he did phone through from the Club, it would be a nuisance having to chase downstairs again.

By bedtime, she was fidgety and nervy.

This love business is worse than an attack of mumps! She tried to laugh about it, but without success.

Mr. Penanades was surprised to see Pan at the tea table. "I thought, dear, you'd be at the Club," she murmured as she set down a saucer of milk before her sleek, gray Persian kitten.

"You're all dressed for tennis," she continued. "Why didn't you go?"

"I smiled faintly. 'Didn't feel like it, darling.' 'The Major looked up from one of the tennis papers and perused out journals through teeth—and grunted, 'Much too hot for tennis, had night.'"

"Isn't it?" Pan agreed, and blessed him.

She glided up at the clock. Four-thirty. Two hours before Quanderer would conceivably be on his way back.

And although she swore she would not, she had just happened to be looking from her bedroom window (the little rear window) that gave a marvelous view of the surrounding countryside) when finally the red speedster came past on its homeward trip.

This time, Pan, sitting in amazement, saw the car in the front seat, in her corner, Suzzette was sitting. She was plainly explaining it away all last evening. But—a repetition of the affair the very next afternoon!

Pan thought unhappily, "If the Woodlands' as the car swept by."

Pan thought fiercely. "It's not that I'm a bum sport. I don't begrudge Suzzette her triumph. And you don't hear any ill will. I said, I hope I can't get along without winning about it. It's only that I love him so much!"

The last was whispered in a breathless rush, as though the words had been forced from her

unwillingly. Having admitted them, she flung herself down on the gaily pilowed window-seat, and buried her hot face in a cool, cretaceous cushion, and wished, oh, wished desperately, she had never set eyes on Quanderer Hale!

For a time Pan lay there, feeling horribly small and horrible crushed. Several times she glanced towards a newspaper picture pinned to the side of her dressing-table mirror. Once she addressed it angrily, saying, "Look here, Quanderer, don't think you can treat me like this and get away with it. I'd like to lash your head in, my dear. Besides, it's not sporting. According to modern rules, if you're mad about anything, even fed up with me, you should tell me so straight. But merely to drop me cold, and not content with that, to flaunt my rival under my very nose..."

Really, did kid!

Then, as abruptly as she had flared up, her anger died. Now she spoke to that picture again, but this time the hot bewildered child in her whispered, "Quanderer, dear, you can't do this. You can't make me feel so beastly cheap. Oh, I know, somehow, that girl should feel cheap. But I do... I do. It's what I practically admitted, last night..."

But Pan was not the sort to give way for long to a mood of despair. Presently she sat up on the window seat, flung a scolding cushion against the far wall, crying, "Hey there, Pan, what's the use of getting down in the dumps? There's always tomorrow. Things may be different tomorrow. After all, Suzzette may have asked him to drive her home from the Club!"

But again the next day the roadster swept its imperious way past "The Woodlands," and once again Suzzette was the triumphant possessor of Pan's place in the front seat. Pan felt quite ill.

One might have been explained away. Indeed, she had been explaining it away all last evening. But—a repetition of the affair the very next afternoon!

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wonder if there's anything wrong with me?"

This was the first time in her life she thought had ever occurred to Pandora Penanades. She was so sure of herself, of her line. The thought was, to her, as dynamic as an earthquake. It shattered all her preconceived ideas. She felt small, bewildered, and crushed. For if there was anything wrong with herself and her line, what should she do? Her line was herself, or it had become so by constant usage, which was much the same thing.

"If it had been anyone else but Suzzette!" Pan muttered through small clenched teeth. Yet she knew, in her heart, she would have felt the same whoever it had been.

"Oh, the fools," she cried suddenly. "I'm getting all horrid and moody. I don't care about Suzzette. I'm going down to the Club. If I don't see her flatter herself it's because of her and Quanderer I stayed away."

Pan ran out of the house, into the garage, backed her small sports car into a freshly planted flower bed, knocked a hinge off the gate as she took the turning into the road, and away to the Country Club at a speed which rivalled the prowess of the red speedster.

There, in full view on the veranda, drinking cool tea, were Quanderer and Suzzette.

Pan jammed on the brakes so hard that the little car, which she added across the gravel driveway. She was inspecting her back tires to see if any damage was done, when Sandy Willard hailed her.

IVORY *to the rescue—* *in 1001 ways!*

SUCH a gentle disposition—and oh, the millions who are friends of Ivory because it is always kind!

Tiny babies in maternity hospitals start life right with a soothing Ivory bath . . . kind even to a newborn, rose-petal skin.

Men stand together in demanding "a floater" in their baths. They like that man-sized, fresh-smelling, hearty-lathering cake of Ivory!

Manufacturers of shimmering silks and downy woollens know that only a pure soap will protect. They say that Ivory is perfect for washing fine fabrics.

Salespeople in fine stores give frequent washing advice. They recommend "Ivory" oftener than all other soaps *added together*. Ivory is as safe as lukewarm water.

Women, every bit as busy as you, have learned that pretty hands and housework can agree. These women use Ivory suds every time their hands go into the dishpan or laundry tub or cleaning pail.

Yes, Ivory . . . in its cake, flake or new Snow form . . . should be near every faucet in your home. It will gently prove to you that no soap could be purer or finer.

A hand-out for Mrs. Busy

Mrs. Busy could hardly keep her face straight when Mrs. Snip's husband said, "Mrs. Busy, I'm going to get your hands in this picture. They're too pretty to miss!" And Mrs. Snip is so jealous! Mrs. Busy was mighty proud because she does all her housework with Ivory—just to keep her hands looking nice. "I don't have maids—like Mrs. Snip," she says, "but Ivory keeps my hands looking wonderful."

For how many of these purposes have you tried IVORY?

Shampoo . . . with the new Ivory Snow or the new instantly-dissolving Ivory Flakes.

Piano keys . . . stronger soaps turn piano keys yellow.

Painted woodwork . . . stronger soaps eat off the gloss.

Enameted refrigerators . . . The alkali in strong soaps affects enamel.

Spots off carpets . . . Dip a brush into

thick Ivory suds and apply to spot. Sponge off with cloth. You can clean Oriental rugs this way.

White kid shoes . . . dump cloth and Ivory . . . clean a few inches at a time. Don't soak with water.

Parchment lamp shades . . . see kid shoes.

Linoleum . . . Ivory makes it wear longer. Strong soaps actually attack the linoleum.



Three's a crowd!

"My, what dirty hands!" says Bella to her brother. "Better get busy with Ivory before Dad catches you." That's the way she gets rid of Bobby when he butts in on a heavy date with her boy friend.

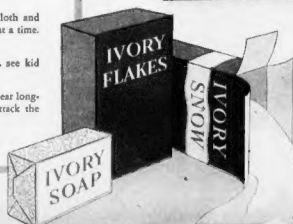
Bella has plenty of dates, too, with the new Ivory Snow that dissolves instantly in lukewarm water. Since a salesgirl told her, to use Ivory—not one pair of chiffon stockings nor one silk frock has faded. Bella's stepping out a lot now. The boys fall for a girl who always looks like a million!



Mr. Busy means business

When Mr. Busy yells "Where's the Ivory?" Mrs. Busy drops everything to deliver a cake to the bathroom door. Mr. Busy says that stinky little cakes of perfumed soaps are tomfoolery. The pesky little things always sink. "Nothing like Ivory lather," thinks Mr. Busy reaching for the cake that floats. So he lathers his head, too! After a rinse, Mr. Busy heaps more Ivory lather on his face to get a smooth-feeling shave.

Toodles bawled when Mrs. Busy wanted to take his flannel duck away. "But it's dirty," explained Mrs. Busy. "I'm going to give it an Ivory bath—just like the ones you've had all your life." Yes, indeed, since the day the doctor said "Ivory" Mrs. Busy hasn't let anything but Ivory get near Toodles' sensitive skin.



IVORY SOAP

kind to everything it touches
99 ⁴/₁₀₀ % pure